



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



AN IRISH "CRANK"—OF UNSOUND MIND; BUT HARMLESS.

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks.....	1.25
ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BRITISH POSTAL TERRITORY.	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....	1.50

INCLUDING POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Will Appear On or Before August 15th.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 395.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WITH a meanness peculiar to itself, this summer has reserved its full allowance of heat for the very end; and is letting it out on us just when we least expected it. The people who had hoped to stay in the city all summer are rushing wildly out to every watering-place where there is a vacant hole or corner, and exchanging their large, airy city rooms for sweltering dens in the seventh story of the Parabellevedise Hotel, Cattawampus Cross-roads, Catskills, or some similar hotelery. On crowded piazzas, among yelping children, chattering hotel-gossips and musical mosquitoes, they taste rural felicity, and court the spirit of health. It is pleasant to note, by the way, that the spirit of health is propitiated by eating a bad dinner in the middle of the day and going to bed on an alleged supper, consisting of two slices of ham and a plate of berries.

Extremes meet—an observation from which much use has not yet taken the edge. Perhaps there is not so much difference between Mrs. Van Highfire in the Catskills and Mrs. Mulcahy in Baxter Street. Mrs. Van Highfire sits on the piazza of the summer hotel and flirts a fan painted in Paris, and gives a fleeting thought of condescending pity to “those poor creatures in those horrid New York tenements, you know.” Mrs. Van Highfire is paying four or five dollars a day for her board, and she is proud of it, too; but what is she getting for her money? Her rooms are small and ill-ventilated, the fare is bad; her children are sick and she is nervous and feeble, both from the same cause—want of rest and quiet and genuine country air. There is noise all about her, clatter of tongues, people coming and going, unhealthy excitement of all sorts. Down in that reeking Crosby Street tenement, Giuseppe Giacomo, the organ-grinder, lies down to sleep more comfortably amid stench and filth than Mrs. Van Highfire in her six-by-ten whitewashed hotel-den, with a child screaming in the room on one side and a man snoring in the room on the other, to make pleasant such slumber as may come to her upon her corn-shuck mattress.

Is it any wonder, that in this weather, Our Artist, who is much too sensible to go into any crowded caravansary in the country, should fall asleep in the big hammock that swings invitingly in his breezy studio? Wonder or no wonder, that is what Our Artist did the other day, and woke from a pleasant slumber to find his work done for him. Some of the good fairies who delight to serve Puck had put it into the head of his involuntary collaborators, those excellent gentlemen whose features, physical and spiritual, seem made for the benefit of the genius of caricature—some clever sprite

had put it into their heads to make these gentlemen appear in his dream, to enter an active protest against his lively pencil, by drawing themselves as they thought he ought to see them. First, of course—and we hasten to speak of him, because each moment brings him nearer and nearer to oblivion, and whatever is to be said of him must be said before people quite forget him—first, of course, comes the modest and retiring wild-flower of Utica—Mr. Roscoe Conkling. He was much too delicate and retiring to express in words his objections to various little pictorial favors which Our Artist has done him; he only sought an empty canvas and sketched in vivid colors an imposing Jupiter Tonans. Then he stood off and gazed complacently at his handiwork, and left Our Artist to trace a distant, far-away resemblance between the features of the Jupiter and those of the Great Resigned. Then he silently slipped away, while from out his pocket came a pitiful, pleading, disappointed voice: “Me Too!” Perhaps “Me Too,” whoever he may have been, wished to draw his own portrait, as well as Mr. Conkling. Then Mr. John Kelly arrived, and sketched a dignified and placid gentleman, who looked quite the model of what Mr. Kelly might have been, had circumstances made him a statesman—a real, genuine statesman, one of the kind that gets bronze monuments and the immortality conferred by selections in school-boys’ “speakers.” Then Mr. Benjamin F. Butler drew a nineteenth century Narcissus, and left Our Artist to infer that a cock-eye, even when combined with a moral obliquity of vision, was not a legitimate subject for artistic treatment; while Mr. Talmage pictured

A Sunday-school class young man—
A diminutive mouthed young man—
A bean-eating Yankeeful,
Moody and Sankeyful
Oil-on-the-hair young man,

who resembled the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle much as the photograph of a jumping-jack might resemble that acrobatic toy in full action. Then came a man with a military air, whom everybody treated with great respect, until he began to draw upon a twice-used canvas a picture of “U. S. Grant, Imperator.” Our Artist sighed in his dream, and felt relieved when his attention was distracted by two gentlemen of the editorial profession, who delineated themselves as two works of art—the one classic, the other mediæval. Likewise he smiled in his slumber at a certain plump but not pleasing parson, who evidently desired to be represented as a sort of modern St. Anthony. And a broad and happy smile, of a different sort, passed over his sleeping features as good old Peter Cooper, the beneficent patron saint of New York, whom we love for all his green-back craze and his various oddities—when Peter Cooper came up to an empty easel and drew his own portrait as young in years as he is in heart. The smile deepened into a laugh, and Our Artist woke up. And as his eyes opened, he saw, or thought he saw, a small and aged person perched upon his feet, as they hung half out of the hammock, rapidly putting the finishing touches to a heroic and heavy-weight edition of Samuel J. Tilden. But when his eyes were fully opened, there was no one in the room; the canvases were blank as he had left them, and only upon his mental retina was imprinted the scene he has drawn for you on our centre-pages.

O'Donovan Rossa has for some years been flattering himself that he has been waging war—all on his own side—with Great Britain. In the endeavor to induce others to join in the flattery lies his principal aim in life, and the most advantageous way in which they can do so is by means of the monetary contributions the “patriot” is constantly appealing for. At one time this distinguished gentleman, who tries

to pose as a hero before an audience of kitchen maids and hod-carriers, used to obtain a living by selling steerage tickets for some of the transatlantic lines. But the managers soon found he was not a desirable agent, and Mr. Rossa was given more time to attend to the publication of his newspaper, the *Irish* something or other. This, according to some extracts we have seen reprinted, is a very terrible affair. Indeed, to fully carry out its tone, it ought to be printed in blood, upon the skins of Englishmen flayed while alive, and from types cast from bullets which had ended Saxons' existences. It is redolent of dynamite, nitroglycerine, infernal machines, and death-dealing generally. We have no doubt that Mr. Rossa is a very mild, middle-aged gentleman, who personally would rather run a mile than endure the close vicinity of any of the explosives on whose merits he is so fond of dilating. Certainly nothing in his past career shows him worthy to rank with even his misguided predecessors, who ingloriously ended their mighty rebellion with the “battle in the cabbage garden.” But, as *Sam'l of Posen* remarks, “buzness is buzness,” and the *Irish* something has to be kept up, and subscriptions to funds for destroying England must be induced to flow in. So whenever an accident happens to an English ship, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa nods his head, attempts to look wise, and hints that he could have foretold the exact moment when the dreadful event was going to occur. This is very impressive, but more has to be done—England can build more ships. O'Donovan Rossa's war must be carried to the heart of the country. To this end some terrible explosive machines, which are so secured that they cannot possibly explode, are purchased here and sent to England. Then a mysterious individual informs Her Majesty's government that some of these will be found in a certain ship or under the wall of some public building. The terrible engines of destruction are duly found, the facts cabled over here, O'Donovan Rossa is again interviewed,—and thus his words pass before a greater number of readers than his own paper is likely to have in a year,—and subscriptions come freely in.

Obtaining subscriptions is, of course, the end and aim of the whole matter, and war is carried on only against servant-girls' pockets. But there is a danger in which the people of this and other countries are involved, though it is, probably, one that never occurred to Rossa or any of his Generals, Chiefs-of-Staff or Engineers. *Some day one of these infernal machines might go off!*

It would then be quite in vain for Rossa to declare that he never meant to hurt anybody, and that he had ordered the machinery so constructed that it could not possibly work. No matter how astonished he would be at any fatal result, such an event would be a very serious one, morally—and even, possibly, pecuniarily—to our government. We cannot allow either our own citizens or resident aliens to continually threaten the lives and property of a people with whom we hold the closest and most friendly relations. Our authorities have been hitherto regardless of Rossa because they thoroughly understood that he never meant any harm; but, unless they can make a private arrangement with him to use olive oil in place of nitroglycerine, and burnt meal for powder, they will not be justified in longer taking the chances. His subscriptions should not be interfered with, as they serve to diminish the attendance at rum-shops and police-courts. If only Rossa's deadly weapons can be made as little dangerous as he intends them to be, he and his “fund” will be the best safety-valve that the ignorant Irish in this country can have for the hatred and vengeance their own scheming demagogues are forever howling to them to feel.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

FOR THE RELIEF OF AN EXASPERATED POPULACE.

Dialogue No. XIX.—With a Book-agent.

CITIZEN.—No, I don't want a History of Classical Times, gorgeously illustrated, in twenty-four monthly parts, at fifty cents a part.

BOOK AGENT.—[*Fill in with whatever Fancy, spurred on by Cheek, might suggest to an active mind.*]

C.—Yes, I am quite sure it is an extremely valuable work; but I have no use for Classical Times in my business. I am a manufacturer of lawn-mowers, and patent non-explosive coffepots.

B.—.....

C.—No, don't want to take it to read at home. When I retire to my domestic hearth after the day's labor, it is not for the purpose of reading Histories of Classical Times.

B.—.....

C.—Young man, you don't grasp the force of my arguments. I cast no imputation whatever upon the character or quality of your book. I am not only ready to believe that it is all you say it is; but I am willing to look upon it in the light of a combined menagerie, circus, two-headed girl, stereopticon, ice cream festival and promenade concert. All I ask of you is to let me respect it at a distance.

B.—.....

C.—I might look at that book from now till the sun is cold and the stars grow old, and the leaves of the judgement book unfold; but I should not change my mind. When I talk, my young friend, you hear the voice of firmness and resolution shouting from on top of a pinnacle of principle. This is no foolish whim of youth; no childish prejudice, to be dissipated by the breeze of argument; it is the stern conviction of manhood. I don't want that book.

B.—.....

C.—Will I look at it? Certainly I will. I wish you to understand that there is no bad feeling in the matter—no animus whatever. If it will in any way soften the pain which my refusal must give you, I will gladly yield an hour of my time to the examination of that book.

B.—.....

C.—Yes, I observe the rich and gorgeous binding which you are prepared to furnish when the publication is completed. A mere binding, however, is more or less unsatisfactory when unaccompanied by any literature.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, that is a sample number, is it? What's all this big type? You don't expect people to pay fifty cents for a circular, or for specimens of job-printing, do you?

B.—.....

C.—Oh, it's the preface. Well, show me where the preface leaves off and the history begins.

B.—.....

C.—Begins here, does it? Then what do you mean by binding in a theatrical advertising picture—this representation of a grand transformation scene showing the four seasons and the aurora borealis, with the triumph of the good fairy and the discomfiture of the Black Crook?

B.—.....

C.—Who'd have thought it? That is an allegorical picture giving an epitome of Classic History, is it? Well, it's a mighty pretty picture, and it'll do for something else just as well in the next book you publish.

B.—.....

C.—Yes, I observe this picture. I've seen it before; it's a circus cut; it represents Professor Somebody-or-other's trained St. Bernard dogs, saving the professor's youngest son from freezing to death in an Alpine avalanche.

B.—.....

C.—You don't mean to tell me that it's Romulus and Remus, Suckled by a Wolf? Go away, young man! You've got this thing wrong. There ain't a baby born outside of an idiot asylum that would ever think of going and striking a wolf for a drink. This is mixed up somehow. Maybe you mean a goat.

B.—.....

C.—All right, young fellow! Stick to that story, if you want to be taken for a pupil of P. T. Barnum's who has lost his self-respect. I wonder that you've got the face to offer a shamelessly mendacious history like that to an intelligent public. What's this picture?

B.—.....

C.—Socrates Taking the Bowl of Hemlock, is it? Looks like a scene in a classic soup-kitchen. Is that old tramp Socrates? Who was Socrates, anyhow? Was he the champion original classical free-lunch fiend?

B.—.....

C.—Oh, that's poison he's taking? What were they poisoning him for?

B.—.....

C.—Oh, because he knew too much? Then you're all right. I thought maybe it was for carrying around a bad history in 24 parts.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, yes, it's a pretty enough picture. So's this—this lynching scene, where they've done the fellow up in iron and chucked him into the river. What had he been doing—horse-stealing?

B.—.....

C.—Horatius at the Bridge, is it? Well, you might have chosen a better bridge for purposes of illustration. It seems a kind of broken up.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, no, I'm not complaining of the pictures; they're good pictures.

B.—.....

C.—Yes, and plenty of them, much as they are.

B.—.....

C.—No, the subjects are all right. Nobody could fairly expect you to have pictures of the day in a History of Classical Times.

B.—.....

C.—Certainly, there's nothing the matter with the typographical appearance of the work. It's a credit to the nineteenth century.

B.—.....

C.—I have no objection to the author. He possesses great literary skill, and is an estimable character in private life.

B.—.....

C.—The quality of the paper is beyond criticism.

B.—.....

C.—There is no fault to find with the gilding on the edges. Nobody expects you to cover it with liquid diamond.

B.—.....

C.—I have no fault whatever to find with the book.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, no, thank you; I don't want to buy it. Told you that beforehand; you asked me to look at it, and I have looked at it. The sight has afforded me great pleasure; I always did like looking at pictures. Whenever you've got any more, bring 'em along, they amuse me. But no buy, Book-agent. Bye, bye!

THE belligerent Spaniards have subsided. They will not fight France. This means another loan.

MR. S. L. KELLOGG has published a song called "Come in the Evening or Morning." Now, if he will write a song called "Stay Away in Business Hours," or "Call Again Yesterday, Darling," he will get the boss reading notice from this office, and make no mistake.

Puckings.

THE Democrats have carried Kentucky. The Dutch continue in possession of Holland.

KING KALAKAUA is not a favorite in Springfield, Mass. A paper there pronounces him a "disgrace even to the Sandwich Islands."

ONE of those alleged actors who daily block up the pavement on the south side of Union Square, has been stabbed by a fellow Thespian. Let the good work go on!

GALE, the great walker, and greater non-sleeper, is quite elated over his success. This was to be expected; there was always lots of blow about a gale.

THE *Evening Express* says that Bolton Jones, the artist, is in New Jersey. Our traveling contributor telegraphs us (collect) that Jolton' Bones is all the way up a Catskill corduroy road.

THE Cornell crew is well-received everywhere abroad. No wonder. It seems to have gone to Europe for no other purpose than to be defeated. Its trip is thus far a complete success.

UNCLE RUFUS has been astonishing the business community by selling wheat, short. Soon he'll be ready to give his own ears for those others, but despite the size the former will then appear, buyers will demand the latter.

CINCINNATI has an Exposition Art Committee, and pistols have already been drawn in the discussion whether cigar-box chromos should be hung on the line or used to decorate the beer-garden attached to the central gallery.

THE British government might make something out of those infernal machines by hitching dial plates on to them and setting them up in Hyde Park as lung-testers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. a test. They would be quite as accurate and useful as those we have at Coney Island.

IF the Cornell crew get beaten at Vienna, they ought to try and pick up some victims among the Ionian Islanders. And if again defeated, perhaps a row on the Dead Sea, the waters of which are so uncommonly salt, might cure the Cornell crew's complaint.

A WOMAN has been poisoned in New Brunswick, N. J., by drinking excursion lemonade. That is nothing. We have known three old and experienced alcoholists fall dead after indulgence in church-fair lemonade. The doctor said their system was unused to such severe hydropathic treatment.

EVER since Mr. R. Cornell White announced free excursions for babies-in-arms and their mothers, quite a lively business has been done in baby-lending. Prices rule at 10 cents for the day, but those ladies who don't object to a little extra unpleasantness can procure a supply in the Italian quarter at 8 cents.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

CUT THIS OUT,
pin it under the lapel of your coat
and present the other side suddenly
to the Fiend who asks you
WHAT'S THE GOOD
WORD?

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXIV.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.



Ya-as, the Irwish Land bill has been passed in the House of Commons by a large majorwity, and it is weceiving a good deal of discussion in the House of Lords, but I suppose it will weally have to become law.

Many of my fwiends and wela-tives who sit in "the Lords" have witten to me at different times to ask my opinion of the mattah. Don't know why they should do this sort of thing, because I nevah was particularly stwong in politics, but I suppose the fellows think because I am wesiding in Amerwica I am maw competent to expwess my views on the subject, than if I were in Gweat Bwitin.

Some wintah once wemarked that no man was a pwopphet in his own countwy, and I suppose aw because I happen to be out of my countwy I am a pwopphet, although I am not going to pwophecy just now.

Fwom what I can understand of the pwovisions of the bill, ewerwy Irwish inferwial-farmah or small laborwah can live on any land and pay any went that may aw suit him.

If he does not find it particularly convenient to waise the necessarwy funds faw the purpose, he is not obliged to twouble himself, but can tell his landlord that it is all wight, and the lattah must wait until the next yeah, or the yeah aftah that, to weceive the money that is ovah due.

The pwopwietah has not the powah to eject the pwocwastinating tenant, and if he should show any disposition to do so, the tenant has the pwivilege of firwing bullets into the landlord's body, and is not bound to pay the expenses faw burwyng him. If the landlord by any chance should take it into his head to weseent any attack of this kind, and the tenant should happen to lose his life in the stwuggle, it is aw wilful murdah on the part of the landlord, but it is, I believe, the legal phrwase is—justifiable homicide when the landlord is killed.

To me this does seem somewhat weversing the ordah of things, and yet Jack Carnegie, who is an extwemely sensible fellow, says that it is absolutely necessarwy that there should be some kind of land legislation in Irweland. Ya-as, I dessay, but I can't faw the life of me see why the inferwial classes should have all the pwivileges, and we poor arwistocwats and pwoperty-holdahs should get none at all.

Aw but I can't say that it makes a great deal of differwence to me. I nevah had a gweat deal of wegard faw Irweland or the Irwish, and, although I have some land there, 'pon my soul, I don't care verwy much what becomes of it. I warely get any went faw it, and to save twouble I might just as well pwesent it to some of the most wiotous tenants. In fact, I would sooner do so, than to go in the neighborhood

myself to collect the went, and wun the wisk of having a bullet lodged in my bwain. Besides, it would be a dangerwous thing faw me to do now that I am marwied. I don't believe Mrs. Fitznoodle would heah of such a thing.

I used to have some considerwable wegard faw the Irwish charwacter, but can't say now, ye know, that my admirwation faw it is verwy gweat. Irwishmen have been doing too many disagweeable things, and using too much pwofane language. Besides, they have been murderwing maw people than I think necessarwy undah the circumstances, and they are always twying to blow up buildings and innocent people with nitwo-glycerwine and othah explosive materw'al. No! I am no longer their fwiend, and I am not at all surprised that my fwiends Salisbury and Argyle should pwotest so stwongly against the passage of this Irwish land bill aw.

FISHING.

NE

day

Away.

You

wish

To

fish:

You

float

A

boat;

A

squirm-

ing

worm,

A

line

Of

twine:

From

books

Of

hooks

You

try

A

fly,

Or

troll

With

pole

Till

noon—

The

spoon

And

you

Make

two.

At

last

You

cast

Your

bait;

Hard

fate!

You

U

B wet,

e And

t Upset

i get

You

slip;

You

grip

Your

work:

Quick

jerk;

You

prise!

Sur-

rise!

A

late.

Till

wait

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

late.

A HINT FOR THE DISPOSAL OF GUTEAU.



LET A CONSULTATION BE HELD ON HIM.

SEE WORCESTER.

MILITARY HARDSHIP.

Private Smith thus complained to his Colonel:
 "This weather to you may seem volonel;
 But, my work being done
 In the heat of the sone,
 To me it seems simply infolonel."

THE QUEEN'S ANNOYANCE.

It chanced in Victoria's reign,
 When Wales needed his gold-headed ceign,
 To help him walk straight;
 His ma noticed his gaight,
 And said: "Albert, this causes me peign."

WONDERFUL FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Said Thomas to Richard: "Oh, come
 And drink at my cost some good rome."
 You'd have known Richard meant
 To nod him assent,
 Though you happened to be deaf and dome.

\$4.50 PER DAY.

A landlord whose boarders were cliquey,
 And most of whose bed-rooms were liquey,
 Met every complaint
 With the answer, "They ain't,"
 And said the complainers were chiquey.

DEVONSHIRE.

CAPRICIOUS CHUM.

There was a bold Marquis named Cholmondely,
 Who sometimes behaved rather rolmondely;
 For a day and a half
 He would chatter and lalf,
 And then for a week would sulk glolmondely.

SOLOMON SQUABOWL.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

A taster of Château Margaux
 Tried mixing the wine with some daux;
 It so tasted of rye,
 That he said with a sye,
 Oh! this is too utterly laux! Q. T.

A "CRANK."

TURNED BY TOM CHRYSTAL.

CHILDHOOD.

HE turned o'er in his cradle,
 He turned his food to cheese;
 He turned the night's sweet stillness
 Into a full hades.

YOUTH.

He turned his puggy nose up
 When things didn't go "just so;"
 He turned his back on the old folks,
 Because they were "too slow."

MANHOOD.

He turned from good to evil;
 Became a burglar bold;
 And turned up hidden treasures
 Of silver and of gold.

THE TURNING POINT.

He turned the key of a front door,
 Then turned to see it slam—
 But a ball from a well-turned rifle
 Turned o'er his diaphragm.

FINIS.

They turned him 'neath the flowers,
 Close by a mossy bank;
 And, turned up to the daisies,
 Are the toes of this old "crank."

FREE-LUNCH.

CAN a mosquito be called a full-blooded animal?

"O! GIVE me back the socks I gave to you," sang the pugilist who had vanquished his opponent.

THE farmer who has been tormented by boys during the past year, now allows them to come into the orchard and take all the apples they please.

"WHAT kind of a mark is that?" said Magrady to his friend Talthorpe, pointing to a scar on his face. "It's a question mark," replied the other: "got it for asking a man 'if it was warm enough for him.'"

THERE MAY be obstacles in the way of the discovery of the North Pole, but they pale into insignificance compared with an attempt to find a fugitive collar button in the berth of a sleeping car, at the end of a journey.

"ANYTHING on this counter for five cents," was the sign on a stand in Sixth avenue, and when the girl went up to the tailor's sign who was tending, and said she didn't think he was worth five cents, he felt as if he'd like to fall through a crack in the street.

SOME anonymous miscreant has just sent us a pun upon "jargonelle," and a "hades o' jargon," accompanied with explanations which make it, if possible, worse. As soon as we can find out who he is, we shall joyfully stand him treat for a first-class funeral.

TIM KICK.

MONEY FOR EUROPE AND MUSCLES FOR AMERICA.



OFF FOR PLEASURE.

IN FOR WORK.

ARE STOLEN KISSES REALLY BEST?

I DO not think so. Shame! you say. Let us look at this thing from a matter-of-fact point of view. The argument of those who plead in the affirmative is, briefly, that the value we set upon most luxuries is in proportion to the difficulties by which they are obtained. A kiss is clearly a luxury, hence, the circumstance of its being taken forcibly augments its advantages. Kisses most difficult to obtain are prized the most. Those which go, as it were, begging, are valued the least. These are the two limits to the standard. To steal a kiss is said to be a very exquisite thing. Its rarity makes it unduly desirable. How much more romantic the impress of loving lips on a soft cheek which don't expect them than the regulation exercise divested of all its uncertainty, novelty and zest! Thus, the advocates of this form of theft.

But, as there are two sides to a kiss, there are also two sides to the consideration of the most effectual and approved way of taking one. I submit, in the first place, that a kiss *per se* amounts to nothing. It is a form—a very charming one, if you will—but a form, nevertheless. What makes it of value is the sentiment or emotion which actuates and accompanies it. A kiss may betoken love, confidence, sympathy, hope, forgiveness, welcome, sorrow, regret, satisfaction, or encouragement. The stolen kiss, if genuine, (which, by the way, it seldom is) is an entirely *ex parte* affair. To kiss a girl clandestinely indicates that you love her. To let her kiss you indicates that the feeling is reciprocal. To steal a kiss from a girl who is about to go away indicates your regret at her departure. On the other hand, if she lets you kiss her under the same conditions, it means more: that you are sorry to leave her, that she is glad you are sorry and that she is sorry to leave you. No thoughtful and sensible man, I submit, would, under these circumstances, steal a kiss when he could come by it honestly.

Accordingly, we are brought face to face with the fact (and face to face conveys the idea exactly) that the real pleasure derived from a stolen kiss lies in the kiss itself, and not in softer and gentler emotions which accompany it and give it its only value. But can this proposition be sustained? What is there in a kiss to make it a luxury? Regarded as a mere method of communicating magnetism, a clasp of hands is far more expressive. The hand is a better medium than the lips. Conceive two men, one of whom has his hand in his vest pocket, the other his lips in motion. Which is the more acceptable to the average woman?

The man with his hand in his pocket, of course, presuming that he takes it out. The salute of lips, when done by stealth, is of no value either as a symbol of affection or as a means of communicating it. When you prefer the glass to the liquor, the coat to the form it encases, or the door-plate to the house it identifies, it will be time to prefer the transitory

satisfaction of a stolen kiss to the unspeakable value of one given and accepted in good faith.

Women, estimating rightly that kisses of themselves are of no value, are very prodigal of them to their female friends. If they yielded, or were understood to yield the latter any real satisfaction, they would not give them away.

The basis of popular government is what? The consent of those governed. The basis of valuable and meaning kissing is what? The consent of those kissed.

I can conceive of no benefit which could possibly come to a man who kisses a girl from whom it is necessary to extort the opportunity. For, conceding that a kiss is a luxury *per se*, would not the girl want it? And if she does not, is it not because she knows that, under these circumstances, it is no good? I believe you!

A kiss is, to use a commercial simile, a draft on the affections. It is drawn, invariably, on sight. Very good. Now, a stolen kiss is a draft which is not honored. An accepted kiss is one that is. This is just the difference. Men who steal kisses are of two kinds:

1) Those who could have had them without stealing.

2) Those who are not thanked for their petty larceny.

In either case, I submit that nothing is gained by the theft. What is the use of stealing what one may have as a gift? And what woman who would withhold her heart from a man would care anything for the disposal of her cheek?

Most clearly then, stolen kisses are not best, save for those who can get them no other way, and these are never to be envied. If this sort of argument shakes any deeply-rooted prejudices on the subject I am sorry, but kissing is a serious thing—sometimes—and there is no reason why it shouldn't be looked at sensibly.

ERNEST HARVIER.

LITERARY.

"THE POET AND HIS MASTER."

THE thermometer was up in the nineties,
The mosquitoes were buzzing around,
When a poet arose from a restless couch
And in song some solace found

"The snow was falling fast," he wrote,
"The air," he said, "was freezing."
Lying about the weather was
To his morbid fancy pleasing.

He mailed the poem to a magazine
Before he dared to slumber,
And it caught the editorial eye
In time for the Christmas number.

HENRY DUNBAR.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

The marvelous invention, by means of which the Nihilists are able to post placards without any fear of discovery, will be fully explained and clearly exemplified by numerous interesting experiments. The machinery, which has so long baffled the ingenuity of the Despot's keenest spies and detectives, consists of an

[illegible]

c/o The Marquis of Lorne,
Ottawa, P. Q., Canada.
or
c/o Old Jim Crowe,
Peoria, Illinois.



OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

A MID-SUMMER DAY
While Our Artist Sleeps, His Favorite Subjects Are Left to Justice



TODAY'S DREAM.

Left to Justice to Themselves, and to Correct His Conceptions.

THE CHAMELEON LOVER.

He said she was his angel queen;
Just then the youth was rather green.
But when she laughed and shook her head,
His color changed from green to red.
As she arose and turned her back,
His countenance looked very black.
In came her pa; the sudden fright
Made the sweet youth turn ghastly white.
Outside, helped by the parent's shoe,
The chap was looking, oh, so blue!
And as he left that part of town,
One night have seen he was dun brown.
"But for her pa, I might have had her,"
He thought, an-gray he grew and madder.
He saw a purple little cur;
"I'll kick you, dorg," he groaned, "for her."
He kicked the pup, who bit him through,
And made the fellow black and blue.
Now at his home the youth was slate;
His ma was sleeping; he must wait.
She came right down, took him in hand,
And quickly then the boy was tanned.
Strange that these colors made him cry,
"I guess it's time for me to dye."
And then he died and went to Hades,
Where of the colors every shade is.

H. C. DODGE.

ANSWER IN OUR NEXT.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I'm one of the "unsalted," and I glory in it! I wear tight trousers and pointed shoes. I brush my hair over my ears, and defy you or anybody else to put salt on the tail of my three-button cutaway.

PUCK would not be where it is to-day if it was not for the "unsalted." Its proprietors would not be hobnobbing with Vanderbilt and Jay Gould but for the dimes of the much-maligned R. G.'s (rising generation).

Now, PUCK, old chap, let me ask you a question, and, although you don't wear tight trousers or pointed shoes, I will give some weight to your answer.

Do the modest, quiet, unassuming young men get on best in this world? Do not you and others, who have prospered and laid up shekels where moth and rust, etc., say of the modest and quiet youth: "Ah, yes, Jimmy is a nice boy, but there is no 'go' in him"? And do not you and others give poor Jimmy the go-by and pick out one of us—the cheekiest of the lot? Why, bless your heart, of course you do. Now, let me take you into the confidence of the unsalted, and tell you that most of us dislike notoriety as much as you do our making ourselves notorious; but we have ascertained early in life that people show most regard for those who make themselves most offensive. As a proof of my assertion, witness the quiet man at a seaside hotel with clerk or waiter; watch him on the railroad and at the theatre, and see how he is imposed on. "Ruttsy" and me know what's what, you bet, Ever thine,

ONE OF THE UNSALTED.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Let her swelter.

"Five Million Readers."—PUCK ON WHEELS is guaranteed non-explosive and thoroughly healthy; free from malaria or mosquitoes.

BERT MANTON.—They say that most great poets win fame after they are dead. Just suppose you give us a chance to find out how your stake in the pool of immortality will come out after you are laid away in the mossy tomb.

GORDON LAWRENCE.—You may say, if you wish to, that the man who last week died with his hat on "capped the climax;" but if you do, you will probably find that man's disembodied spirit waiting for you with a stuffed club when you yourself reach the other side of silvery Jordan.

C. HARDINGE.—If we could get at you and the rest of the entertaining individuals who are trying to work "bulletin and bullet out" puns on the nation, there would be a holocaust that would be as delightful to the public as a good, thorough, Far-West style of lynching applied to Guiteau. You would top the holocaust. You are the only one of the 11,297 we have tackled already who has had the icy nerve to call that atrocity an "original idea."

J. G. WILLIAMS, Boston.—You are a bold man to criticise our pet poets. We are willing to allow every man free speech; but we will not undertake to shield you from the consequences of your indiscretion. If ever you come to New York, and get anywhere in the neighborhood of our private Parnassus, you will find yourself let in for a hand-to-hand encounter with two enraged young ladies, the respective Muses of R. K. M. and C. E. W. If you don't go back to Boston a sadder and a balder critic, we are no judge of the ire that may be kindled in celestial minds by injudicious caviling at noble works of literary art.

C. C. W.—To the man who asks us such a question as this:

NORFOLK, August 1st, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please answer the following in your next issue in the correspondents' column. If it takes an India-rubber elephant six weeks to hatch two four-eyed ducks from a half-dozen cast-iron water-melons, how many boot-jacks will it take to shingle the shadow of a lamp-post?

Respectfully,

C. C. W.

we can only say: It would require but one shingle, well and persistently applied, to check your morbid thirst for statistical information.

Dr. M. H. Henry, Surgeon-in-Chief to the State Emigrant Hospital, has sent us a small pamphlet on "Specialists and Specialties in Medicine." It is an address delivered in 1876, and is a careful, able and suggestive plea for "a higher standard of education and culture in medicine." In view of the growing feeling that the profession ought to be thoroughly purged of quacks and incompetents, Messrs. William Wood & Co. could not do better than to republish this address, which they originally issued five years ago.

MAN'S FIDELITY.



AS I said good bye at the station
In a little country town,
And kissed away the tear-drops
While her hair fell bewitchingly down,
And she looked at me so sweetly
And said, "You will not forget!"—
I swore to her I'd be faithful,
And called her a dear little pet.
Then the train bore me back to the city
To busily toil each day;
There was scarcely time to remember
My girl so far away;
But when the day was ended,
And I sat in silence alone,
Then I thought of the little daisy
I should claim some day as my own.
Three nights I bore up bravely
As I thought of the time to come;
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,
But was only silent and glum,
And then upon the fourth night
I gave my moustache a twirl,
Put on my killing necktie,
And—called on another girl.

R. GONAUT.

A SHORT, BUT SWEET LIFE.

He was only a boy, a boy who had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth—no, he was one of those boys who are born with a shovel in one hand and a coal-scuttle in the other. When he was only three years old he began to launch out for himself—he launched across the table for a schooner of beer, which his father had laid down; but he received a smack instead.

With only this capital of a smack he began to raise himself—or he began to raise Old Harry; but he was almost immediately taken down from his high position, and placed across the old man's knee. Yet he was not damaged by these failures. When he was but a few weeks older he made another start—he started for the door to escape the wrath of his mother. He had the audacity to tell her "to give us something new." She granted his request: the soles of her new slippers throbbed in unison on that boy.

When about six years old, he had almost reached the top of the ladder which, if it did not lead to fame, led to fortune, for he had been promised the sum of five cents to put up the clothes-line. But the top was not to be reached so easily as he thought, for he slipped and fell down, and a few of his ribs were broken. It was at this time that he first rode in a carriage. It was the Black Maria, in which he was conveyed to Bellevue. It was then that he thought he would die; but he told the doctor he would scorn to do such a mean action, and, true to his word, he recovered, and in about six weeks was playing around Croton-bug Alley.

When he was about nine years old, he was the possessor of a pistol; but he never fired it off himself—he used to lend it to the good boys around where he lived. In this way he procured more free carriage rides to the cemeteries than he would have in any other way. He was always a friend of the poor boy who died of lock-jaw.

One day, the pistol went off accidentally, and he was shot in the thumb. Knowing that he would probably have lock-jaw and float to heaven, he began to attend Sunday-school, as he said, so that when he died he would have a good send-off, and be followed by the whole school, and have flowers, harps, hearts, and shields, etc., with expressions like these: "Gone, but not forgotten," "Poor Robbie," or "Our Brother;" but it was not to be. Contrary to his expectations he got better, and having taken all the hymn-books and sold them in the junk-shop, he concluded to give up going to Sunday-school. When he was eleven years old, he was left a temporary orphan; his father and mother, having got into a dispute, had set the house on fire, and had both departed to a location indicated by the judge. Knowing that he now had to push himself, (for his father was not around to push him now,) he procured a situation in a match factory with the congenial employment of biting the ends of matches to make them fit in the box. But often, by mistake, he put the wrong end in his mouth, and his employer, thinking he wasted too many matches, discharged him. Tired and disgusted with the city, he left it at the age of fourteen, and started into the country to make a fortune. On his second day's travel, he climbed over into an orchard and stole some green apples. That night, as he rolled into bed, which consisted of his shoes for his pillow and his mother Earth for a mattress, he was attacked with spasms. They buried him where he lay. Dear reader, should you ever pass that way, drop a tear for the fate of a boy who, in time, might have been a member of the legislature.

T. QUIRK.

AMUSEMENTS.

Owing to unavoidable pressure on our columns, we are obliged this week to condense our theatrical notes thus:

"Sam'l of Posen" has left Haverly's and gone elsewhere to win new triumphs for Messrs. Jessop and Curtis.

"The Professor" has been reconstructed without being amended; and continues to please large audiences at the MADISON SQUARE. This is queer, but true.

"La Mascotte" has passed its hundredth night at the Bijou, and does n't care a cent for the hot weather. We do, and we're not going to write a line more.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. IV.—My Mother-in-Law.

EVER since the time of Cain and Abel, this world has been troubled with mothers-in-law. There's an excessive supply of the article just now. If I were writing an article for an encyclopedia, I could prove conclusively that one mother-in-law is sufficient for ten families. As my space is limited, I will merely suggest that you should lend your mother-in-law to nine other fellows, and then see if every fellow does n't get a genteel sufficiency of the article. Why should not the oversupply of mothers-in-law be drowned? In fact, why, as soon as a woman has reached the stage of mother-in-law in her career, should n't she go out and drown herself? We could then have a drownee in imitation of the East Indian suttee, and it would be a ceremony which would delight marriageable young men. I admit that mothers should be allowed to live till after the marriage ceremony, because some one must give a deciding vote as to tulle, and silk, and satin, and boss the job generally; but, as soon as the twain have been welded into one, the mother-in-law should go out and drown herself. In this way marriage would become a blessing to the country, and those chaps who manage to marry five or six wives in the course of a single life could boast of the number of mothers-in-law they have swept from the face of the earth. But, as society is now constituted, my advice to young men about to marry is, marry orphans.

Of course I do not assert absolutely that there may not be an occasional mother-in-law who is cheerful and pleasant. It is a well-settled fact in natural history that there may be a needle in a haystack. Perhaps Eve was not an objectionable mother-in-law. You see, in those days, a husband was not expected to provide all the luxuries which ingenious dressmakers, and bonnet-evolvers, and furniture-creators, in these days, bring into existence. The modern mother-in-law, however, with her eye single to the interests of her chee-ild, makes one join with Darwin in sighing for those good old days when mothers-in-law, and wives, and husbands all hung by their caudal appendages from the branches of trees, and sucked cocoanuts. Without in the least intending to augment the receipts of Uncle Sam, I would say to all men of a creative turn of mind, that the fellow who patents a wife without a mother-in-law attachment, will make his everlasting fortune.

We had settled ourselves comfortably in our rural home, and I was patiently awaiting such delights as are afforded by the country—if there are any such—when I was struck by a moral thunderbolt. I was sitting one morning at the open window, listening to the cheerful music of the frogs which inhabited a neighboring puddle, when Mrs. Lot approached me, and, in her sweetest way, remarked: "I am going to ask ma to come and live with us."

To say that I was surprised is to put the case mildly. If I had been walking in a long tunnel, and had been hit by the tail of a comet, I could not have been more astonished. Up to that time I had succeeded in keeping Mrs. Lot's mother out of my home. She was a widow, whose only surviving children were a son and a daughter. I had always insisted that, by all laws human and divine, her place was in her son's home. And now, after the matter had been arranged, here was an attempt to hang that woman around my neck for life; for I knew well that, if she once managed to enter my home, she would never leave it.

"My dear," said I, mildly, resolved to reason with my wife, "what do you need your mother here for?"

"Well," said she, "in this out-of-the-way place I want some one to whom I can talk."

"But, my dear," said I, "am I not the most patient of listeners, and was there ever a time when I was not ready and willing to converse?"

"Pshaw!" said she, "you can't talk about petticoats, and basques, and lace, and trimmings, and pattenas, and such things."

"I confess," said I, "that I have not turned my gigantic intellect upon such subjects, but, for the sake of domestic harmony, I will gladly put myself under instruction by any mantua-maker you may select."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed she. "I want ma, and I'm going to ask her."

"It's against my wishes," said I.

"If you could give a decent reason for disliking ma, I'd listen to it; but as you can't, I mean to invite her, and I hope she'll come," remarked Mrs. Lot as she turned away.

And ma came. Of course I knew that she would come. She had desired for some years to crowd herself into my household, and, of course, she embraced this opportunity. I particularly disliked the woman. She is one of those little, pig-eyed, smirking women, who have soft voices, and, what females call, soothing ways; who constantly put their hands on you and smooth down your sleeve or your coat collar, and who pretend to agree entirely with you in opinion, while, to the best of their abilities, they are endeavoring to carry out their own aims. Now, Mrs. Lot differs wholly from her mother. My wife is a rather large woman, with charming features and clear, large, hazel eyes, and in her manner she is independent, if not brusque. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Lot's mother must have been changed in her cradle—no, that is wrong—must have been carried off by gypsies—no, I don't mean that—well, anyhow I think Mrs. Lot must have been her ma's child by another father and mother.

If my mother-in-law does not know my views as to her availability as a resident beneath our roof, then she must be deaf, dumb, and blind. I made up my mind that her position in our household must be promptly fixed, and, whenever she attempted to interfere with me or my things, I put my foot down. I don't often indulge in that performance, but when I do, I make Rome howl; the very window glasses tremble in their sashes with fright. I am gradually teaching my wife's ma that she can go to a certain point, and no further. It may be that if you take a mother-in-law at the proper time, and treat her in the proper manner, she can be thoroughly domesticated. I mean to experiment in that direction with my wife's ma. If I succeed, I will write a detailed account of my performances, with rules for the guidance of young married men, and I'll print that account. If I do not sell 10,000,000,000 copies, then are mothers-in-law most shamefully misrepresented. If I fail, I have a plan in embryo, which, when I work out the details, will end my troubles. A late scientific work asserts that you can put a package of nitro-glycerine under a person's chair, connect a wire with it, and, with an electrical battery a mile away, touch off the battery, and then, before you can say Jack Robinson, the person sitting on the chair will be beyond the stars, trying on her wings and tuning up her harp. As soon as I can arrange some way of preserving the chair, I'll put a package of nitro-glycerine under my mother-in-law.

"CHINESE barbers shave without lather." This reminds us that our old schoolmaster used to lather without shaving. One is said to be as painful an operation as the other.—*Norristown Herald*.

"BLUSHING HONORS THICK UPON"

PUCK ON WHEELS.

This edition of PUCK ON WHEELS starts out with a slander of the *Post* upon the title page. There is an insinuation that the *Post* has the aesthetic craze. Or, perhaps this is intended for a joke. If so, all right; ha-ha-ha! Then it goes on with lots of other jokes. V. Hugo Dusenbury, Fitznoodle, and many other popular contributors to PUCK put in their little piece to add to the entertainingness of the book, and there are any quantity of stories, poems, sketches, bright sayings, etc., from well-known writers. The illustrations are numerous and well-drawn, and altogether PUCK ON WHEELS ought to be in every man's pocket, and if it isn't, the man without it "gets left." All of which will, we have no doubt, induce every reader of the *Post* to buy a copy.—*Boston Post*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, for the Summer of 1881, is out, and there is no longer any need for patent medicines of any kind, for there is no disease under the sun but that a copy of this brilliant summer-book, if well taken, will speedily cure. And it does not require to be well shaken before taken either, for that occurs to the patient, who shakes with laughter at every dose. The doses are not large either, but are exquisitely adapted to every case. It only costs 25 cents to possess this great cure-all. Try it and you'll never be without a copy. None genuine, without the name of Keppler & Schwarzmann blown upon the wrapper.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

We have before us PUCK ON WHEELS for 1881, and it is so irresistibly funny that we are obliged every little while to slip it into our drawer among the office jewels and hold the drawer firmly closed, to allow our sore sides a rest. It is brim full of good things, and the wit in it is so perfectly pure that it is absolutely a pleasure to read it. It is also of the highest order, not containing a lot of low, coarse jests, calculated to please the vulgar mob, but of the style that is certain to please the better class of thinking readers. PUCK is a grand success, a fact that its proprietors are to be congratulated on. We commend it to all our readers.—*Evansville Argus*.

PUCK has come out again on that remarkable bicycle on which he is riding straight into the good graces of the community. The current issue of PUCK ON WHEELS, coming as it does along with the new comet and the 4th of July, makes up a pretty good show for a quarter.—*New England Hotel Gazette*.

That summer resort, PUCK ON WHEELS, was so well patronized last year, that PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, has just been opened for the season. The bill of fare is of a cacinatory kind. All the dishes have an abundance of sauce, and the establishment is kept on an exhilarating plan.—*N. Y. Mail*.

PUCK ON WHEELS runs ahead of all competitors, just as the PUCK in his summer style of clothes puts a head on everybody he runs up against. Buy PUCK ON WHEELS for 25 cents if you want the cheapest and best fattener in the country.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Just the thing for warm weather reading is PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, which has been issued by the publishers of PUCK, the popular comic weekly. It has some capital pictures, and some of the reading matter is very fine.—*Waterbury American*.

Everybody does or should know the excellence of PUCK as a weekly, and all, whether on train, or on boat, should have PUCK ON WHEELS. We'll guarantee they will get their quarter's worth wherever quartered.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, is out. It is a medley of side-splitting nonsense, illustrated in the highest style of the caricaturist's art.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, is out for midsummer readers, and is a fine book for half hours' reading.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Copies of PUCK ON WHEELS (No 1), for 1880, may still be had by prompt application to the International News Company, 31 Beekman Street, N. Y., or to PUCK Office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, N. Y.

There are more cures made with Hop Bitters than all other medicines.

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up Stairs.

BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry and folks says Ize naughty?"
Cause stomach ache, and sour in my moufy;
Cause, too, can't seep, and worms bites ze beily;
"Fever," za say, feel like I was jelly.
Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria,
When mama's gone, and don't have CASTORIA.
"You're right, they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy;
Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE,
ORIGINAL IMPORTED.
SAFEST DRINK IN HOT WEATHER, NON INTOXICATING.

WHEN you want
Ginger, don't
ask for Jama-
ca Ginger or Ginger
but ask for the

GENUINE
PHILADELPHIA
GINGER

MADE BY

Frederick Brown.

It is the **ONLY** re-
liable and **Genuine**
and will give relief

Cramps, Colic,
Stomach-Ache

AND ALL

Stomach Disorders.

REMEMBER!

Always **ASK FOR**

Frederick Brown's

CINCER,

THE GENUINE—PHILAD'A.

STRAITON & STORM'S

LATEST

Royal Owl Segars

The finest they have ever produced.

AND

Royal Owl Cigarettes,

ALL HAVANA TOBACCO,

FREE FROM ALL ADULTERATIONS, AND GUARAN-
TEED AS FINE AS CAN BE MADE FROM TOBACCO.

Smokers will find the **OWL HAVANA CIGARETTES** Pure Rice
Paper Wrappers, the best of the kind offered for sale.



DENTAL OFFICE OF
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess.
162 W. 23rd St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves., N. Y.

THE TRUE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL.

William Tell ran a hay ranch near Bergelen about 580 years ago. Tell had lived in the mountains all his life and shot chamois and chipmunks with a cross-gun till he was a bad man to stir up.

At that time Switzerland was run principally by a lot of carpet baggers from Austria, and Tell got down on them about the year 1307. It seems that Tell wanted the government contract to furnish hay at \$45 a ton for the year 1306, and Gessler, who was controlling the patronage of Switzerland, let the contract to an Austrian who had a big lot of condemned hay farther up the gulch.

One day Gessler put his plug hat up on a telegraph pole, and issued order 236, regular series, to the effect that every snoozer who passed down the toll road should bow to it.

Gessler happened to be in behind the bush when Tell went by, and he noticed that Bill said "Shoot the hat" and didn't salute it, so he told his men to gather Mr. Tell in and put him in the refrigerator.

Gessler told him that if he would shoot a crab apple from the head of his only son, at 200 yards with a cross-gun, he would give him his liberty.

Tell consented, and knocked the apple higher than Gilroy's kite. Old Gessler, however, noticed another arrow sticking in William's girdle, and he asked what kind of a flowery break that was.

Tell told him that if he had killed the kid instead of busting the apple, he intended to drill a hole through the stomach of Mr. Gessler. This made Gessler mad again, and he took Tell on a picnic up the river in irons.

Tell jumped off when he got a good chance, and cut across a bend in the river, and when the picnic party came down he shot Gessler deadier than a mackerel. *Bill Nye, in Laramie City Boomerang.*

New Hampshire Returns.

A New Hampshire lady writes: Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring she was very bad, and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her. — *Gazette.*

Hub Punch.

No other components of liquors and fruit juices have met with such a large sale.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear.

PUBLISHERS "PUCK."

LYONS' UMBRELLAS

ARE STAMPED "LYON, MAKER," AND ARE ONLY FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds only \$65. Pianos. \$125 up. Ills. Catalogue, FREE. Address, **BEATTY**, Washington, N. J.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.



Third Edition:
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price, 25 Cents.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE
GREAT GERMAN
REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
SCIATICA,
LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE,
GOUT,
SORENESS
OF THE
CHEST,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY,
SWELLINGS
AND
SPRAINS,
FROSTED FEET
AND
EARS,
BURNS
AND
SCALDS,
General Bodily Pains,
TOOTH, EAR
AND
HEADACHE,
AND
ALL OTHER PAINS
AND
ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." — *Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, half and pound, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO.,

Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME

The latest improvement in Sewing Machines, combining extreme simplicity with great strength and durability.

Noted for fine workmanship and excellence of production.

Does not fatigue the operator

Send for a set of our new CHROMO CARDS.

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.,

30 Union Square, New York; or Orange, Mass.

Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in

Watch-, Diamonds, Jewelry,

Solid Silver & Plated Ware,

363 CANAL STREET,

Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.

Bar gains in every department.

American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12.

Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winder, \$50.

Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding

Rings, \$5 and upwards. The largest assortment of

Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every de-

scription neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to

any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.



COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The Bicycle has proved itself to be a perma-

nent, practical road vehicle, and the number

in daily use is rapidly increasing. Professional

and business men, seekers after health or pleas-

ure, all join in bearing witness to its merits.

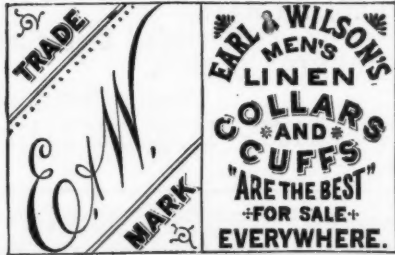
Send 3c. stamp for catalogue with price list

THE POPE MFG CO.,

46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for **E. G. RIDEOUT & CO.,** 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.



MC CANN'S HATS

\$2.90 FOR A \$5.00 SILK HAT.
\$1.75 FOR A \$2.50 SOFT HAT.
\$2.40 FOR A \$3.50 DERBY HAT.

218 BOWERY.

**KEEP'S SHIRTS,
GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c.**
Samples and Circulars mailed free.
**KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
STORES:**

341 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
637 & 1193 BROADWAY, and 80 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

**H. WALDSTEIN,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,**
41 Union Square, New York.

EYES FITTED WITH SUITABLE GLASSES. Consultation, inquiry and correspondence solicited from those whose sight is impaired. FIELD, MARINE, OPERA and TOURIST GLASSES of superior quality, and a choice assortment of OPTICAL GOODS at moderate prices. Artificial Human Eyes. Send for Catalogue.

THE man who lives in a boarding-house is just now experiencing his greatest misery. Never were the flies so thick or so annoying as now. The landlady remarks placidly, as she sees the angry boarder spitefully brush a fly off his nose: "Lots of flies a-bothering you is a sign of good luck." "It looks to me," replied the a. b., "as if it signified that currant-cake will be fashionable."—*Rochester Express.*

There was a terrible fire on Market street the other day, and when little Jim Scuffels heard that it was a pawn-shop he rushed to the spot and worked like a beaver to carry out the goods and save the store. As he was rushing out with a final armful of pledges, a friend, who stood near, said:

"What's the matter with you, Jimmy? Why are you taking all his trouble?"

"Well, I guess," said Scuffels, as he sat down exhausted, and wiped the lather and cinders out of his eyes, "I guess, if everything you had in the world that was valuable was in danger of being burned up you'd work too."—*San Francisco Post.*

[Cleveland Leader.]

Mr. Orlando Weatherbee, says an exchange of ours, proprietor "The Spencer Pharmacy," Spencer, Mass., reports: My customers speak very highly of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, it having always given excellent satisfaction. One of them, Mr. Henry Belcher, has been greatly benefited by its use in a case of severe rheumatism, and he refers to it in terms of highest praise.

NICOLL The Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston Street,

AND
139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order.....\$4. to \$10.

Suits to order.....\$15. to \$40.

Spring Over Coats from \$15.00 up.

Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to every part of the United States.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUS & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ARNHEIM

The Tailor,

190 & 192 BOWERY, cor. SPRING ST.

NEW YORK CITY.

Be careful of Imitators, and note the Number of our Establishment, as we have no connection whatever with any other House on the Bowery.

Fine Cassimere Pants, Made to Order...\$4.00

Elegant Suits, Made to Order.....\$16.00

ARTISTIC CUTTING.

SAMPLES, FASHION PLATE, AND RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithographed Cards. (No 2 Alike, Name On, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.)

CAUTION.

—An attempt has been made to put so-called "Electro-Magnetic" Brushes upon the market, but the Post-Office authorities at Washington have published the company as a fraud. We therefore caution the Public to be careful that "Dr. Scott's" name is on the box and "Electric" on the Brush. Ours is not wire, but a pure bristle Brush.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.

A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!!

NOW RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances **PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES.** This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO

**CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE NEURALGIA IN 5 MINUTES!!
PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!
CURE DANDRUFF & DISEASES OF THE SCALP!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED!!**

It rarely fails to produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

Proprietors:

The Pall Mall Electric Association
of London,
NEW YORK BRANCH,
642 BROADWAY.



[From the Mayor of Saratoga.]

"I cheerfully testify to the merits of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. It cures my headaches within a few minutes. I am so pleased with it I purchased another for my wife. It is an excellent Hair Brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative power."
JAS. R. CHAPMAN.

[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.]

BROOKLYN.
"GENTS:—I have never given before a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy."
A. G. BRIDGEMAN, D. D."

"I would not take \$1,000 for my Brush"

If I could not replace it. Its effect is marvellous." Mr. Smith is a gentleman well known in this City as a Law Publisher, and also a Director in several Public Institutions of New York.
PLINY F. SMITH. 218 Fulton St.

Head Office "Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., New York.
Dr. Geo. A. Scott—DEAR SIR: Permit me to add the testimony of my wife to that of the many others who have been benefited by the use of your Electric Brush. She has for years been a sufferer from Neuralgia in an acute form, but since I obtained for her one of your Brushes, she has experienced entire relief. Please accept her thanks.
HENRY BARTLEY.

OVER 7,000 SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICE.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.

We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00, which will be returned if not as represented. Inclose to cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining. But expressage adds considerable to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the Box.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

ASK FOR DR. SCOTT'S BRUSH. TAKE NO OTHER. See that name is on the box.

Mention this Paper.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy, and have been placed in the hands of Mayor of New York, and Postmaster-General, as a guarantee of good faith.

Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Send for a Circular of our Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
Corner Fulton Street.
STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY—THE BEST!!



ANGOSTURA & BITTERS.

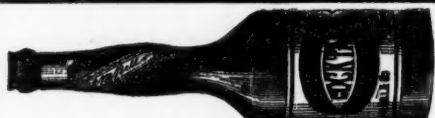
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. HANCOX, Sole Ag't
51 Broadway, N. Y.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing-Assoc'n. ST. LOUIS, Mo.

We are now receiving daily shipments of this Brewery's celebrated Beer which is finding so much favor at the Metropolitan Concert Hall, and in all places where it is sold. Dealers who wish to keep it will please apply to

A. C. L. & O. MEYER, Sole Agents,
49 Broad Street, NEW YORK.



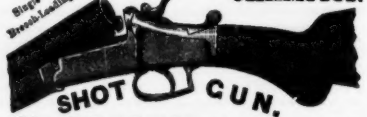
JAMES M. BELL & CO.,
31 Broadway, New York.
Price, Per Case, (One Dozen).....\$6.00

D. G. YUENGLING, JR.'S
EXTRA FINE
DOUBLE BEER
competes with the best of Imported Brands.

BREWERY,
NEWLY BUILT, WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Cor. 128th St. and 10th Ave., N. Y.

New Model, Top Snap, **CHAMPION**



It has a Patent Top Snap Action, by means of which the gun can be opened by pressing the lever either to the right or left; an improvement found in no other gun. It has the **Rebounding Lock**, which ensures safety in loading beyond a doubt. The other improvements are the **Pistol Grip Stock**, and the **Patent Fore-End Fastening**. By means of the Patent Fore-End Fastening the barrels can be detached from the stock in an instant, and as quickly replaced. The shells used in this gun are the central fire, paper or brass. The brass shells can be reloaded many times. **Prices:** Plain Barrels, 12 bore, \$15.00; Plain Barrels, 10 bore, \$18.00; Twist Barrels, 12 bore, \$18.00; Twist Barrels, 10 bore, \$21.00. Address
JOHN F. LOVELL & SONS, Gun Dealers, Boston, Mass.

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.



"JUST OUT,"
BOOK OF INSTRUCTION
IN THE USE OF
**INDIAN CLUBS,
DUMB-BELLS,**

And other exercises. Also in the Games of
QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.

Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25 Cents. SENT TO ANY PART OF THE U. S. ON THE RECEIPT OF 30c POSTAGE STAMPS.
M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,
15 Ann St. New York.



PENS
THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

AFTER PUCK.
Now the Englishman doth rail,
With his mug of h'aged h'ale,
As he cheweth on his little roast of beef, beef,
beef:

"I'm a blasted Englishman,
But that 'ere H'American
Is no better than a swindler and a thief, thief,
thief." —Andrews's American Queen.

THE law against concealed deadly weapons is not strictly enforced in this city. Unripe watermelons are in the market.—Phil. Kronikle-Herald.

A GREAT many newspapers and physicians are terribly distressed about the increase of cigarette making by what Puck calls "the unsalted generation," which is a very neat way of saying "fresh." But about this cigarette business—just go to sleep, brethren, and don't worry because cigarette smoking has a tendency to destroy life. Just remember that the boy who smokes cigarettes will generally be improved by killing, and let him thus work out his improvement.—Burlington Hawkeye.

[Glen's Falls, (N. Y.) Times.]

A CARD.

GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1880.

REV. MR. L. N. ST. ONGE.
Dear Sir.—Will you please state below what satisfaction St. Jacobs Oil gives you, which you got of us some time ago, and oblige
LEGGETT & BUSH.
Very effective.

L. N. ST. ONGE.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of **Angostura Bitters** to flavor your Soda and Lemonade and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine Angostura, world-renowned and manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

SMOKE!

LA ROSA—ALL TOBACCO.

SMOKE!

CANDY

Send one, two, three, or five dollars for a sample box, by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Returns to all Chicago. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison Street, Chicago.

A. S. Flandrau & Co.



Fine Carriages.

The Largest Stock in the City.
The Lowest Prices for Cash.

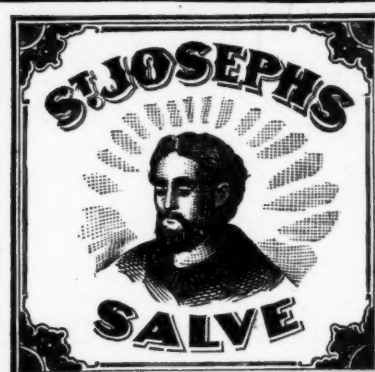
ROCKAWAYS, LANDAUS, BROUGHAMS,
VICTORIAS, PHATONS, ROAD WAGONS.
372 & 374 Broome Street.

Third Edition:

PUCK ON WHEELS

Price, 25 Cents.

Our new Stylographic Pen (just patented), having the duplex interchangeable point section, is the very latest improvement. THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN CO., Room 3, 120 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.



The Greatest Healing Agent and Pain Conqueror in the World.

Cures Rheumatism, Piles, Bunions, Corns, Felsons, Ulcers, Old Sores, &c.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself. If taken pure, it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1029, 78 John St., N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE

That Acts at the Same Time on
**The Liver, the Bowels,
and the Kidneys.**

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatic Pains or Aches are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL RESTORE

the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer. Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles? **KIDNEY-WORT will cure you.** Try a package at once and be satisfied.

It is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form**, in Tin Cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in **Liquid Form**, very Concentrated for those who cannot readily prepare it. It acts with equal efficiency in either form. **YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. PRICE \$1.00.**

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs;
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

AMERICAN

Star Soft Capsules.



CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST,
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.

GENUINE ONLY IN
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.

Victor E. Mauger & Petrie,
110 Reade Street, New York.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free
Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

CLEAR or MIXED
Cooled on Ice, With Fine Ice,
A DELICIOUS DRINK

(Pure and Wholesome)

For use in Families, Hotels,
Clubs, Picnics, Parties, etc.**HUB PUNCH**

READY ON OPENING.

The thing needed in wine cellars.

Delightful as an after-dinner
Cordial, and a refreshing Beverage
when mixed with Water,
Soda, Lemonade, Cold Tea,
Milk, etc.

"Like nectar."—*Boston Courier*.
"Delicious."—*Boston Transcript*.
"Invaluable for a little treat."
Many lack the savoir faire to brew Punch.
Hub Punch is indispensable wherever
known."—*Spirit of the Times, N. Y.*

Hub Punch owes its Popularity to the purity
and exquisite flavor of its components.
The delicious, cooling juice of selected Limes
and Lemons united as prime ingredients
with Choice Imported Liquors in this de-
lightful article, imparts a tonic quality,
highly approved by physicians.

CAUTION.—The Wide Popularity of HUB PUNCH has
to the appearance of inferior imitations composed of cheap,
deleterious material, and utterly unworthy of patronage. Reject
these and see that you obtain the genuine, with the name of
"THE HUB PUNCH REGISTERED"—blown in the glass,
also the name of the proprietors under the capsule over the cork
of each bottle. All infringements will be promptly prosecuted.

Sold by Grocers, Wine Merchants and Druggists.
C. H. GRAVES & SONS, Prop's, Boston, Mass.

CHAMPLIN'S
LIQUID
PEARL.

CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

This fragrant and exquisite
cosmetic offers to all who de-
sire to have a beautiful com-
plexion, an article not only
absolutely safe, but possessing
the most valuable qualities for
beautifying and preserving the
skin. Sold by all druggists.
50 cents per bottle.
Beware of imitations.

USE

MORGAN'S
HAND SAPOLIO

The Best Toilet and Bath Soap
in the World.

Removes Tan, Ink and All Stains,
Leaving the Skin Soft and White.

IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL
North German Lloyd
STEAMSHIP LINE between
New York, Southampton & Bremen
Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken
NECKAR.....Sat., August 6th | ELBE...Wednesday August 17th
MAIN.....Saturday, August 13th | ODER...Saturday, August 20th
Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON,
HAVRE, or BREMEN:
First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$28
OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Presses and outfits from \$3 to \$500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and
reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5. Outfit Free.
Address, H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

A MAN was run over in Broadway the other
day, and several sympathetic witnesses of the
accident rushed forward to his assistance. At
that moment somebody in the crowd ex-
claimed:

"He is an ice dealer."

Thereupon out of seventeen persons who
started to the rescue, sixteen turned back.
The one who remained, it was subsequently
learned, was in the same business.—*Brooklyn*
Eagle.

THE latest advices from the Sandwich Is-
lands report that the lava thrown from Mauna
Loa is likely to destroy a portion of the town
and harbor of Hilo. This is bad for Hilo, but
it is hoped "Jack and the game" may be
saved.—*Norristown Herald*.

Yes, we're ready for any cruelty to Guiteau.
Let his punishment be dreadful. Make him
umpire a ball game in Buffalo.—*Boston Post*.

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor larger
salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure,
as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at
home.—*New York Independent*.

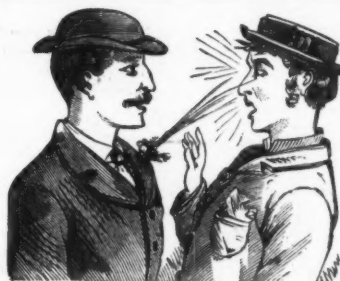
MANHATTAN BEACH.

STEAMER SYLVAN GROVE,
Connecting with
TRAINS VIA GREENPOINT,
Leaves Pier foot of 23d St., East River, for MANHATTAN
BEACH at 8:45, 9:45, 10:45 A. M., and half-hourly from 11:15 A. M.
to 8:45 P. M.
Trains leave Manhattan Beach at 7:35, 10, 11:05 A. M., 12:05,
12:30, 1:05 P. M., and 15 and 30 minutes past each hour till 8:30
P. M., 9:05, 9:30 and 10:35 P. M.
Steamers **D. R. MARTIN** and **MATTEAWAN**, con-
necting with trains via **BAY RIDGE**, leave Pier foot of
WHITEHALL ST., terminus of elevated roads, half-hourly from
9:10 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. Trains leave Manhattan Beach at 8:10,
9:10 A. M., and half-hourly from 10:10 A. M. to 10:10 P. M.

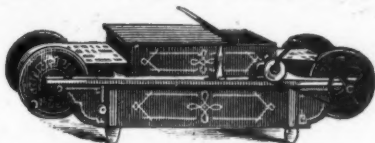
GRAND CONCERTS BY GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND, as-
sisted by **WALTER EMERSON**, solo cornet, and other eminent
soloists, under the direction of Mr. P. S. GILMORE, EVERY
AFTERNOON and EVENING.

GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS by the
ALEXANDRA EXHIBITION COMPANY under the
superintendence of Mr. JAMES PAIN, of London,
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING.

FAIRY-LAND AT MANHATTAN BEACH EVERY
Tuesday and Thursday evening, weather permitting.

**THE SURPRISE BOUQUET.**

JUST OUT, AND THE BEST PRACTICAL JOKE OF THE SEASON.
This beautiful Button-hole Bouquet is made of Artificial Flowers and
Leaves, which so closely resemble natural flowers that not one person
in a thousand would detect the difference. After placing the Bouquet
in your button-hole you call the attention of a friend to its beauty and
fragrance. He will very naturally step forward and smell of it, when
to his utter astonishment, a fine stream of water will be thrown into his
face. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as you can have your
hands at your side or behind you, and not touch the Bouquet in any
manner. You can give one down or more persons a shower bath with-
out removing the Bouquet from your button-hole, and after the water is
exhausted it can be immediately refilled without removing it from
your coat. Cologne can be used in place of water when desired. We
have many funny things in our stock, but nothing that equals this.
Price, all complete in a beautiful box, with full printed instructions,
only 30 cents, or four Bouquets for \$1., by mail, post-paid. Postage
stamps accepted for amounts less than \$1. Address
EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO.,
Box 4614. 87 Warren Street, New York.

THE ORGUINETTE

IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING IN-
STRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR
AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen
operating mechanically as Orguinettes, Musical Cabinets, and
Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses
in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,
Between 12th and 13th Sts., **NEW YORK.**
THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular.

FICTION,
A WEEKLY PUBLICATION,
CONTAINING ONLY
STORIES.

ORIGINAL.

REFINED,

ENTERTAINING.

Written by Americans for Americans.

Each number will consist of 32 pages, printed on
heavy white paper, in large, clean, easily
legible type, and will contain

INSTALLMENTS OF TWO SERIALS,

AND

ONE NOVELETTE,

AND NEVER FEWER THAN

TWO COMPLETE SHORT STORIES.

Will Appear on or About
August 15th.

Single Numbers 10c. Yearly Subscription \$4.00.

PUBLISHERS:

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21 & 23 WARREN ST., N. Y.

WEBER.

MANUFACTURER OF

GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

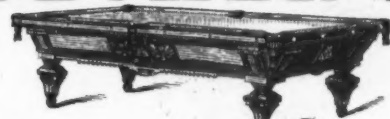
Prices reasonable. Terms easy.

WAREHOUSES:

5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

DECKER'S

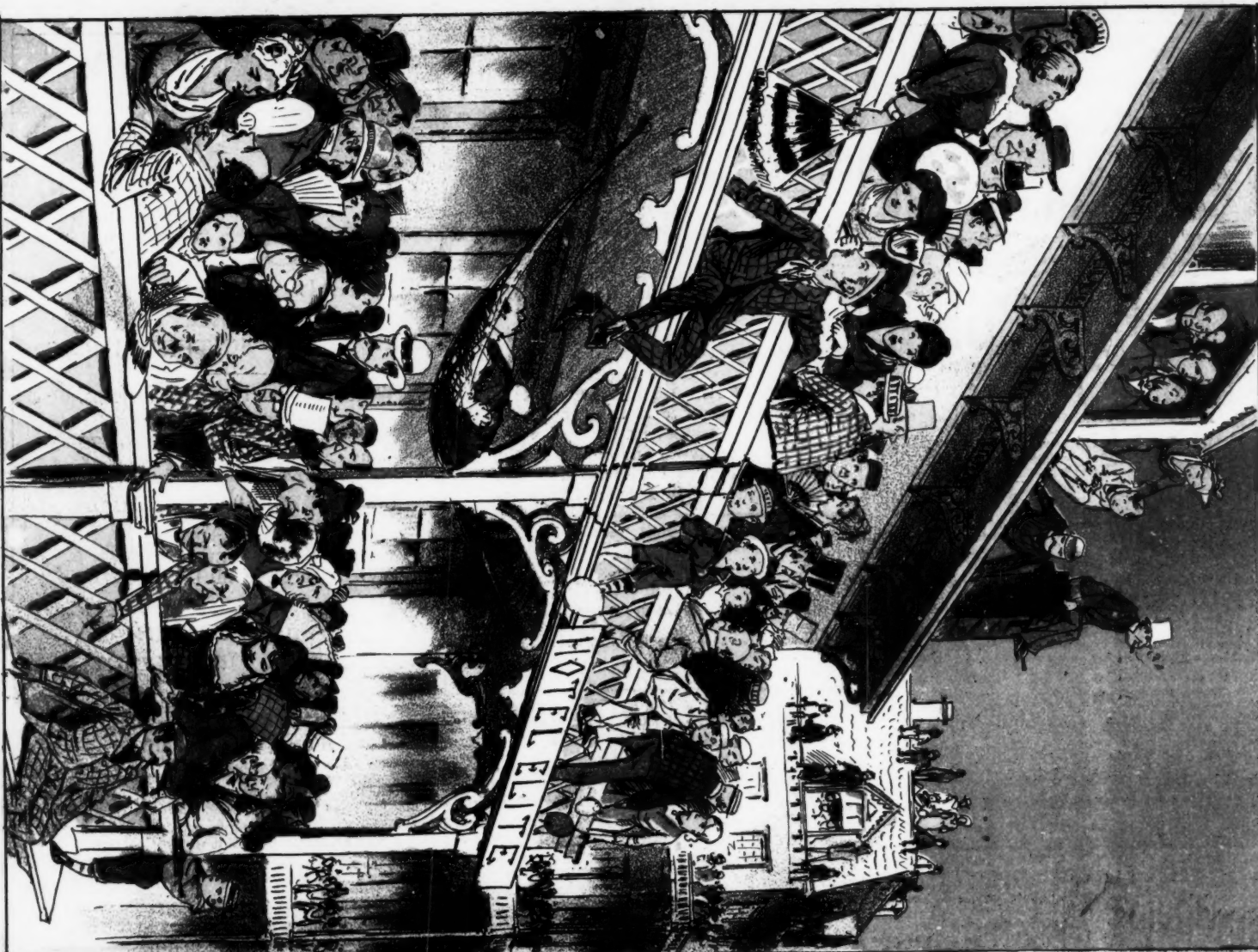
POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,

with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second hand tables always on hand.

WAREHOUSES, 726 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THOS. BAILEY Plumber and Practical
Sanitary Engineer,
10th Avenue, cor. 151st St., N. Y.

THIRD EDITION:
PUCK ON WHEELS.
Price, Twenty-five Cents.



CROWDED BY CHOICE.

EXTREMES MEET.



PACKED BY NECESSITY.